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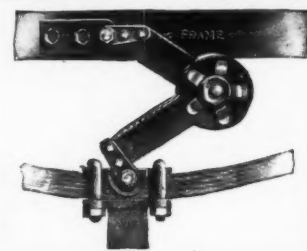
Racing Dates and Order of Stake Events:

Monday, Sept. 17
The Flatlands
The First-Special
Tuesday, Sept. 18
The Bay Shore
Wednesday, Sept. 19
The Hitchcock Steeplechase
Thursday, Sept. 20
The Oceanview
Friday, Sept. 21
The Willow
Saturday, Sept. 22
The Junior Champion
The Second Special

Monday, Sept. 24
The Speculation
Tuesday, Sept. 25
The Occidental
Wednesday, Sept. 26
The Holly
The Hindoo
Thursday, Sept. 27
The Albemarle
Friday, Sept. 28
The Seabreeze
Saturday, Sept. 29
The King's Highway Steeplechase
The Prospect
The Oriental

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Be economical—enjoy every mile of the ride. Equip your car with the famous TRUFFAULT-HARTFORD SHOCK ABSORBER

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Increases speed. Prevents breaking of springs. Doubles life of tires. Makes cobblestones and rough roads seem like asphalt. Prevents lost traction, saving running power. Actually does more than we claim. Fully Guaranteed. Postal brings particulars.

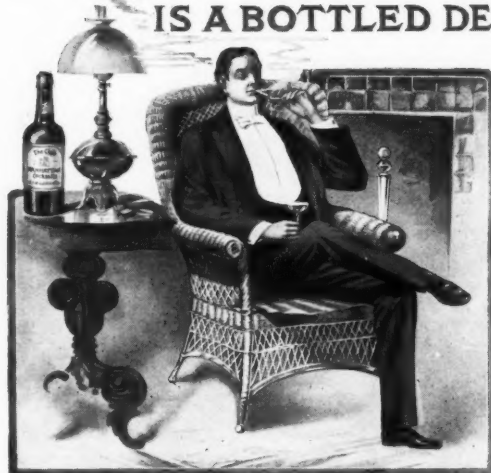
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A Club Cocktail

IS A BOTTLED DELIGHT



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Seven Varieties—Each One Perfect.
Of All Good Grocers and Dealers.

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HARTFORD NEW YORK LONDON

As Ibsen Is Seen in Nevada

IBSEN'S Norwegian play of "Ghosts," with one setting of scenery, no music and three knocks with a club on the floor to raise the curtain, was presented last evening.

The play is certainly a moral hair-raiser, and the stuffing is knocked out of the Decalogue at every turn.

Mrs. Alving, the leading lady, who keeps her chin high in the air, has married a moral monstrosity in the shape of a spavined rake, and hides it from the world. She wears a pleasant smile and gives society the glad hand, and finally lets go all holds when her husband gets gay with the hired girl, and gives an old tar three hundred plunks to marry her and stand the responsibility for the expected population.

Oswald, the mother's only boy, is sent to Paris to paint views for marines, and takes kindly to the gay life of the capital, where the joy of living is the rage, and families are reared in a section where a printer running a job office solely on marriage certificates would hit the poorhouse with a dull thud.

Regena, the result of Mr. Alving's attentions to the hired girl, also works in the family, and falls in love with the painter boy on his return from Paris. They vote country life too slow, and plan to go to Paris and start a family. The doting mother gives her consent, and Pastor Menders, who is throwing fits all through the play, has a spasm.

The boy, on being informed that the girl of his choice is his half-sister, throws another, his mamma having also thrown a few in the other act.

Engstrand, who runs a sort of sailors' and soldiers' canteen, sets fire to an orphanage, and the boy, who has inherited a sort of mayonnaise-dressing brain from his awful dad, tears about the stage a spell, breaks some furniture and upsets the wine. He finally takes rough-on-rats and dies a gibbering idiot, with his mother slobbering over him and trying to figure out in her own mind that he was merely drunk and disorderly.

As a sermon on the law of heredity the play is great, but after seeing it we are glad to announce that Haverly's Minstrels will relieve the Ibsen gloom on November 6—next Monday night.—*Carson (Nev.) Appeal.*

Dog That Brought Luck

ONE rarely hears of a stray dog found practically starving in the streets of a city rising to fame and bringing fortune to its benefactor. Such, however, is the history of the celebrated dog Brigadier, which forty years ago, after being hustled about the streets of Manchester, found a sympathetic friend in the late Mr. Foulkes, of that city.

Finding the dog in the street homeless, Mr. Foulkes took it home, and with it, after careful training, succeeded in winning the Waterloo Cup. With the money thus won Mr. Foulkes purchased a hotel at Withington, a suburb of Manchester, which he renamed the Waterloo Hotel.

In a quiet spot of the hotel grounds stands a tombstone erected to the dog's memory.—*London Daily Graphic.*

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APPLETON'S MAGAZINE is an unprecedented success and has at once taken a position in the front rank as one of the greatest monthly periodicals of the present day. Senator Albert J. Beveridge, commenting on our August issue, writes: "It is by a long shot the best of all the August magazines." The September issue was even better, and the October, November, and December numbers will be brimming over with contributions of vital interest. Probably never before has there been such a list of prominent writers of world-wide reputation engaged by any single publisher as those whose writings will appear in APPLETON'S during the next twelve months. We struck the key-note of success when we placed the annual subscription price at \$1.50, and at the same time maintained the quality and excellence of a \$3.00 publication.

FREE—October, November, December—FREE

With a Year's Subscription for 1907

Cut out the coupon below and enclose \$1.50, mail to D. Appleton & Company, 436 Fifth Avenue, New York City, and we will enter your subscription for the balance of this year and all of 1907, giving you free the October, November, and December issues—this includes our Special Christmas Number.

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The perfect cracker for the perfect dinner
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This magnificent portrait lithographed in 22 colors on heavy Bristol Board, 20 x 24, ready for framing. Sent postpaid to any address on receipt of \$1.00.

To any one mentioning this magazine we will send in addition, FREE, 4 portraits selected from the following list of stars: Leslie Carter as Du Barry, Annie Russell in "Mice and Men," Edwin Booth as Richelieu, Mary Anderson as Hermione, Julia Marlowe as Queen Fiammetta, Anna Held as the Little Duchess, Cecilia Loftus as Ophelia, E. S. Willard in "The Cardinal," Henrietta Crossman in "The Sword of the King," Mabelle Gilman in "The Mocking Bird," Blanche Walsh in "Resurrection." Each portrait lithographed in colors and mounted, size 20 x 22, ready to be framed.

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE, 23 West 33rd Street New York



"MIGHTY STEADY NERVES YOU MUST HAVE. THAT BEAST WAS RIGHT ON YOU! HOW DO YOU EXPLAIN IT?"

"I BATHE THREE TIMES A DAY, NEVER TOUCH MEAT, FRUIT, CEREALS, STIMULANTS OR TOBACCO, DRINK FIVE GALLONS OF WATER BETWEEN EVERY MEAL, AND READ NOTHING BUT THE 'Ladies' Home Journal.'"

Reduced

WITHIN a window were displayed
Some waists most wonderfully made;
But yet they seemed far out of reach,
For they were marked six dollars each.
And many a shopper sauntering by
Looked on them with a longing eye
And said, "Alas, my scanty hoard!
Six-dollar waists I can't afford!"

But soon did favoring Fortune smile;
Those same waists in a tumbled pile
Upon a bargain table lay,
And oh! the crowd that came that day!
They jostled, shoved and e'en pulled hair
That each a trophy home might bear;
The reason one can plainly state—
Those waists were marked "Five Ninety-eight!"

Elsie Duncan Yale, in New Idea.

Forced Into It

JUSTICE BREWER, of the Supreme Court, has a story of the days when a certain lawyer, now well known at the bar of Chicago, was having anything but an easy time endeavoring to win recognition in his profession.

One day a well-to-do farmer in need of legal advice sought the struggling attorney with reference to a suit he desired to bring against a neighbor. The lawyer looked up the statutes and advised his client what course to pursue. As the latter rose to leave the office he asked, "How much?"

"Oh, say three dollars!" carelessly responded the lawyer.

Whereupon the client proffered a five-dollar bill. The lawyer appeared embarrassed. He carefully searched his pockets and the drawers of his desk without finding the necessary change. Finally he met the exigency by pocketing the bill and observing, as he reached for a digest:

"It would seem, Mr. Blank, that I shall have to give you two dollars more worth of advice."—*Exchange.*

WITH a succession of dismal honks a weird object rattled from Park Row into the south roadway of the bridge on the way to Brooklyn. It was plainly enough an automobile run-about of the vintage of about 1898. Its tires were sieves. It rattled like an agitated junk shop. It was driven, apparently, by a huge blacksmith with patriarchal whiskers. On the seat beside him was an ice cream freezer, from which protruded the ends of various boots and shoes, all of them the worse for wear. At the rear of the seat was strapped an ancient refrigerator, to which many windings of clothesline attached two kitchen rocking chairs.

It was evident that the blacksmith was moving.

"Hi," cried a man who had just dodged the contrivance, "who says the automobile is a luxury of the rich?"—*Sun.*

Didn't Like It

IT WAS a little, newly arrived sister that nurse held in her arms, and seven-year-old Robbie stood jealously inspecting her. To his mind she looked smaller and less attractive than any little sister of the other boys that he could remember, and he felt a keen thrill of disappointment. So he put his hands deep in his pockets like papa, wrinkled up his nose, and, regarding the new acquisition savagely, said:

"Well, I call that pretty near a failure!"—*Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.*

LORD CURZON, when a young man, was traveling in Corea. He was forewarned not to admit that he was less than forty years old, as a man of less years receives little respect in the Hermit Kingdom. The president of the Foreign Office asked his age and Mr. Curzon replied, "Forty." "Dear me," replied the Corean official, "you look very young for that. How do you account for it?" "By the fact," was the reply, "that I have been traveling for a month in this superb climate of His Majesty's dominions." Finally the president said: "I presume you are a near relative to the Queen of England?" "No," replied the traveler, "I am not." But, observing the look of disgust that passed over his countenance, Mr. Curzon added quietly, "I am, however, as yet an unmarried man."—*New York Tribune.*

JOHN JAMESON THREE ★★ ★ STAR WHISKEY



It stands supreme on the three vital points—Purity, Age, Flavor. Distilled by the costly pot-still method.

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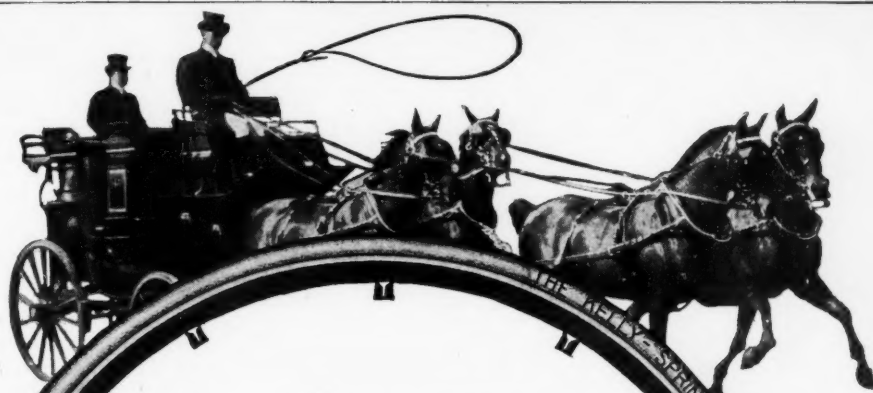
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Most vehicle tires are guaranteed against defects—that's all. There is no guarantee of resiliency, on which comfort depends, or of right construction, on which safety depends. The inherent goodness of

The Kelly-Springfield Tire

is its own guarantee. Its resiliency guarantees comfort; its mechanical construction guarantees safety; its quality guarantees wear. Your dealer would not sell you a poor tire—intentionally. He cannot do so unintentionally if you insist on the Kelly-Springfield. The name appears in raised letters on the rubber.

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giving in full the principle, construction, and practice of the only real shock absorber for automobiles—the one that absorbs all shocks, does not stiffen the springs, and when once adjusted needs no readjustment. Demonstrated, sold, and applied by auto dealers and garages or by

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produces a lather that differs from all others.

First, in body. It is thick and close and profuse.

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Third, in its action. It softens the beard and soothes the face as no other lather does.

Fourth, in its after effect. Unlike the lather of other soaps, it always leaves the face cool, comfortable and refreshed.

"The only kind that won't smart or dry on the face."

Williams' Shaving Sticks and Shaving Cakes sold everywhere. Send 4 cents in stamps for Williams' Shaving Stick or a cake of Luxury Shaving Soap, trial size. (Enough for 50 shaves.)

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
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The small, conveniently located ribbon changing lever on the front of

The New Tri-Chrome Smith Premier Typewriter

absolutely controls the kind of typewriting produced. There is nothing to do save set this lever according as you wish purple copying, non-fading black or red typewriting.

The price is the same as that of all Smith Premier Models

THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER CO.,
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Half page	\$125 per insertion
4 inches wide x 10 inches deep or 8 inches wide x 5 inches deep	
Quarter page	\$62.50 per insertion
4 inches wide x 5 inches deep	
Magazine copy	60 cents per line
Column 2 1/2 inches wide x 10 inches deep	
Reading Notices in minion type, per count line	\$1.50
Back cover, in colors	\$400 per insertion

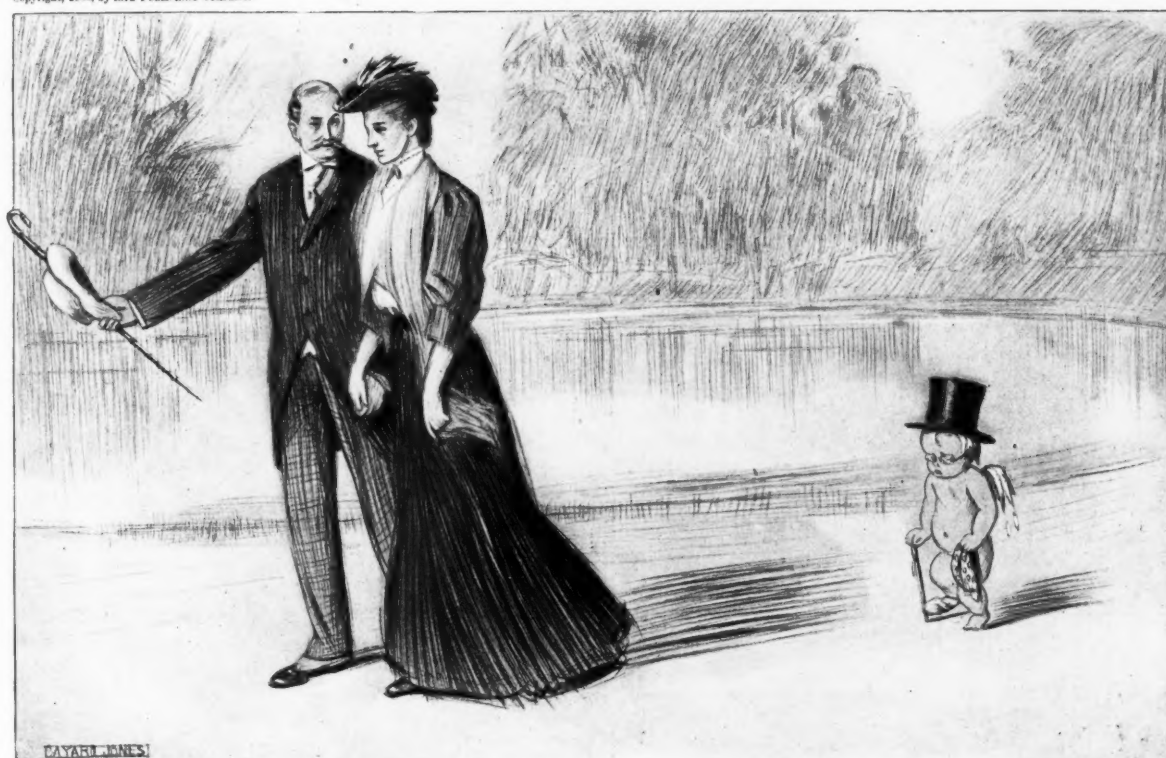
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"Life" copy only, accepted at \$300 per page.
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LIFE

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THE LONG ENGAGEMENT

Just the Thing



NOWADAYS everybody is complaining about the scarcity of chauffeurs. Many people, otherwise in affluent circumstances, are compelled to drive their own machines. In this emergency, it frequently happens that the waiter whom last week we tipped in our restaurant or the barber who trimmed our hair is now putting in the clutch ahead of us and running over the common people.

Another cause for the scarcity of chauffeurs is the inhumanity of judges.

Judges who have been leading honest and upright lives heretofore are now placing in jail many of our best chauffeurs, thus compelling us to shift for ourselves or creep along on the low gear.

We have a good many more judges than we need, but not enough chauffeurs.

Therefore, be it resolved that our judges be compelled to take up the trade of chauffeuering. Thus we shall meet both

the emergencies. Our jails will get a much-needed rest and we will be spared the mortification of soiled hands and the undertakers' trust will prosper.

High Finance

THE MOTHER: Willie, you're a good little boy. I left my purse on the bureau and you didn't take a cent from it.

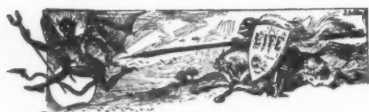
"No, mother. Papa says it's wrong to take anything when you're sure to get caught."

MANY of us build automobiles in the air.

Recuperative

A WESTERN Senator said to Senator Hoar: "Senator, isn't it amazing that Senator Blank can talk so often and so persistently upon every subject that comes before the Senate? I should think he would wear himself out."

"So he would," responded Hoar, "but you must remember that when Senator Blank talks he takes a complete intellectual rest."



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XLVIII. SEPT. 20, 1906. No. 1247.
17 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET NEW YORK.



BROTHER BRYAN'S proposition that the Government ought to own the railroads has gladdened his opponents and spread dismay among a considerable proportion of his sup-

porters. It is freely asserted that he has made an awful mistake and pretty well destroyed his chance of being the next Democratic nominee for President. But, after all, Brother Bryan must have known what he was doing and what would be the immediate result of doing it. He is an obstinate man. He expounded this idea of Federal and State ownership of railroads several years ago. He believes in it, and we presume he will stick to it. If it was only a good idea, his constancy might insure his eventual triumph. But Brother Bryan has the misfortune to stick tightest to ideas that are not good. That is the main trouble with him, and the reason why, in our opinion, he will never be President nor even again a candidate for President. His discrimination is not sound nor even timely.

All the same, he has a fine audacity. His rebuke of the Illinois Democrats who indorsed Sullivan as State Committeeman was a handsome performance. If Sullivan, as Mr. Bryan asserts, holds his political office by fraud, and is, besides, a corporation officer who traffics in politics, Mr. Bryan's objections to him are well found and should have been sustained.

Brother Bryan is a pretty good fighter, and at the same time a good-tempered man. Those are excellent points in a politician, but in a candidate for President they cannot make up for the lack of sound judgment. He does not possess the ability to advocate the right measure at the right time.



THOSE New York State Democrats who met at Albany in conference on September 5 are men of the right quality to put the Democracy of New York State in a position to do good. And they are on the right track, too. At Albany they listened to addresses by Mr. Jerome and ex-Mayor Osborn, of Auburn, and passed resolutions "that Democrats should recognize and repudiate boss rule in every form" and that "the principles of the party require unflinching opposition to protectionism, socialism and imperialism." Furthermore, they declared that the policy of the party should not be forged in private and hung round its neck, but should result from a full and free expression of opinion in an open convention.

This standard raised at Albany seems worth following. The men who raised it come for the most part from the "up-the-State" counties, where the Democratic organization had fallen into feebleness. Their immediate purpose is to see to it, if they can, that the Democratic State Convention, to be held on September 25, shall be a real convention of real Democrats, and shall express the true sentiments of the party and nominate such men as are really the party's choice.

We wish them good luck in that effort. If the Democratic party in New York State really belongs to Hearst—if he is the man of its choice and his principles and purposes, so far as they can be identified, are those that it wants to tie up to—it ought to be known and recognized, so that voters who do not choose to flock with Hearst can find other company. But if Hearst is not the standard New York State Democrat, and if his propositions are not such as the majority of the New York State Democrats favor, it is of the first importance that he should not be suffered to capture the party organization by stealth or corruption.



HIPPLE, of Philadelphia, is dead, and Stensland, of Chicago, has been run down and captured. To us who look on, it seems as if bank officers who robbed banks invariably got caught. Perhaps

they don't. The statistics of discovered thefts are accessible, but there are no statistics of the stealings that were put back in time. If there are not some bank officers who succeed in the intention with which every dishonest one begins, and win their bet and put their stealings back, then, truly, robbing banks from the inside is an inexcusably stupid proposition.

It is, anyhow. It is even stupid to be too smart. That transaction by which our City Bank bought the old Custom House, and has avoided paying taxes on it for seven years—was not that a little smarter than a high intelligence would have allowed? It is not enough not to be caught: a wise man will not be dishonest. It is not enough not to be dishonest: a truly sapient person will not even be disgusting.



ALL accounts agree that Cambridge beat Harvard on the Thames and beat her by better rowing. The impression prevails that Captain Filley was unlucky in his tactics and might perhaps, if he had known as much at the beginning of the race as he did at the close, have made a closer match of it. However that may be, it is agreed that the best crew won, and it won handsomely. The conclusion seems to be warranted that the art of propelling eight-oared boats is better understood as yet at Cambridge, England, than at Cambridge, Massachusetts. Harvard, then, in sending her crew to England, has sent them to a good school, and is entitled to expect that their journey will result in the advancement of knowledge and in the betterment of the chances of future Harvard crews in their competitions with Yale.

Socially, the Harvard men gave great satisfaction, and the public interest in their performance was enormous. When they started for England it was the general expectation that Cambridge would beat them, but the more that was seen of them, the more favorable was the impression made upon the minds of the British experts. For that reason expectations rose high, so that their defeat, when it came, was more disappointing than, all things considered, it should have been. But even though they did not win, they accomplished admirably the sporting mission that they undertook.



HARRISON • [A.D.]

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Our Fresh Air Fund

PREVIOUSLY acknowledged	\$4,474 26
K, G, D, J and E.....	15 00
Edmund Young.....	10 00
Mrs. Edward M. Cope.....	5 00
J. M. W.....	1 00
G. and N.....	5 00
E. W. P. and J. C. P.....	10 00
The Misses Wyeth and George Achelis..	10 30
Total.....	\$4,530 56

A Wise Man

DASHAWAY: I want you to meet Miss Hopper. Stunning girl. Just back from Europe.

CLEVERTON: Her first visit?

"Yes."

"Well, old man, if it's all the same to you, I'll wait until she's gotten through telling about it."

THE KANGAROO: Darling, strange as it may seem, my love for you knows no bounds.

THE MAGIC SPELL

(Faintly Reminiscent of Longfellow)

HAROUN AL ROOSEVELT one day read

A Book wherein the Author said:

"Why shoodn't 'kist' and all the rest
Be spelt fonetick like 'possest?'"

"In mercy's name why shoodn't we
Remove the needless k from (k)nee,

"Pull out the orthographic snarl
From wurdz like (g)nat and (g)nome
and (g)narl?"

"Why shoodn't YOU revize the laws
And be a marter to the kaws?"

"Say, 'Never mind your Qs and Ps,
But go ahead—spel az U pleez!'"

"O thou that swattest in the ear
The Trusts and all the Trusts hold dear,

"The Nation leans upon thy cuff—
Can Noah Webster call thy bluff?"

"O, take this lesson unto hart—
Call Messrs. Loeb and Bonaparte,

"And say to them in tones polite,
'Rite rong in order to rite rite!'"

"Put Dr. Johnson's rules aside
And let Josh Billings be your gide.

"Those syllables which spread dizeez
Like vermiform appendices

"Deserve the thoughtful surjun's (k)nife
And Brander Matthews's 'Simple Life.'

"Grate Sovereign, 'tis for thee to tel
The safest, surest way to spel;

"As Bernard Shaw may wel hav sed,
'Be shure U're rong, then go ahed!'"

Haroun Al Roosevelt stopped to think—
Tears trickled slowly in the ink.

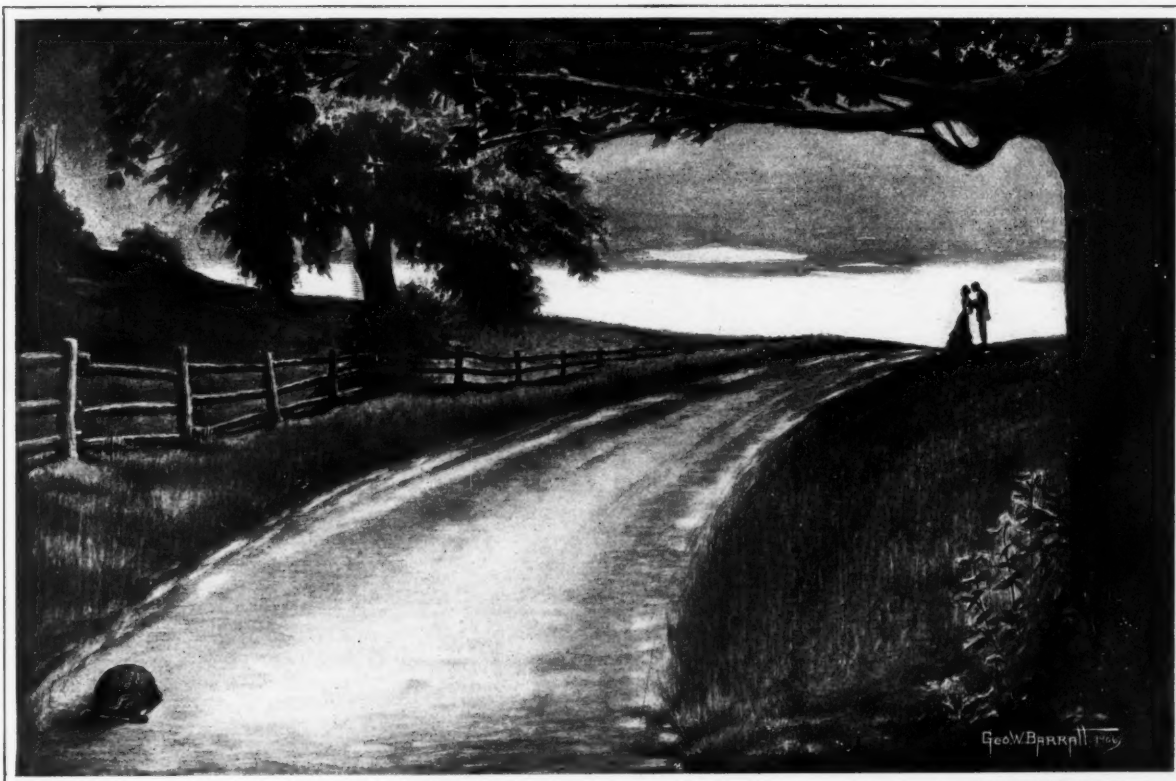
Wallace Irwin.



WHY THEY MARRIED

THIS HAPPY YOUNG BRIDE IS A GIRL WE ALL KNOW,
WHO SWORE THAT SHE NEVER WOULD WED—
WHEN SHE'D BEEN OUT OF SCHOOL BUT A FORTNIGHT OR SO
SHE ACCEPTED MISOGYNIST NED!

YOUNG REBAYTE, JR., HAD A STACK,
A SHOW GIRL HE DID WED.
SHE MARRIED HIM BEHIND HIS BACK,
FOR SHE HAD TURNED HIS HEAD!



"GRACIOUS! THEY HAVEN'T MOVED SINCE I PASSED"

Wanted: A Porter

IF THAT stern corporation, the Boston and Maine Railroad, would consent to cater to an effete civilization, and provide porters to carry our bags, the whole problem of summer travel in New England would assume lighter and more cheerful proportions. Since the days of "Sanford and Merton," the heroic principle of waiting upon oneself has never been more amply illustrated than at the North Station in Boston, where the long line of travelers bending wearily under valises, dress-suit cases and golf-clubs would have carried joy to Mr. Barlow's soul. The Pilgrim Fathers disembarking their thousand and one spinning wheels from the *Mayflower* were not more forlornly independent of assistance than are their pilgrim sons journeying expensively and uncomfortably to-day to the sacred coast of freedom.

What makes the absence of porters so

trying to our unheroic souls is the fact that the station offers us a host of other things that we no more need, and no more want, than did the Pilgrim Fathers. We may have our choice of sixty-two American periodicals or of the last two hundred and fifty novels. We may purchase prolonged indigestion at fruit and candy counters. We may have our freckles and tan removed with choice little pots of cosmetics. A friendly and smiling young lady stands ready to smear something of a beautifying nature over our faces and hands, and to show us in a neat little mirror how much improved we are by the operation. A nice pan of clean water, carefully wired over, invites us to put some posies into it, which posies—if they survive the day and night—are carried the next morning by charitable ladies to the deserving poor. Everything that sybaritism and a refined philanthropy can suggest may be found in the Boston station, when we are

searching vainly for a porter. The luxuries of life are ours to atone for the absence of necessities.

Agnes Repplier.

Aigrettes!

QUEEN ALEXANDRA is strongly opposed to the use of "aigrettes" of heron plumes, and never wears them.

Colonel Roosevelt is dead against aigrettes, and Mrs. Roosevelt feels even more strongly than he does about them. Neither of them ever wears them.

Colonel William J. Bryan and Mrs. Bryan will feel and do the same in case an interesting event, which the public now begins to anticipate, should make their views and conduct influential.

We ourselves disapprove heartily of aigrettes as adornments for anybody except a heron, and never owned one, and would on no account be found dead with one on us. The reason why we feel so is that aigrette-hunting has all but destroyed the breed of herons, because, as you will recall, the heron was unluckily planned without any thought of milliners, and the pretty aigrette sprouts on the mother bird in the nesting season and gets her shot just when her family cares are most important.

These points we record to assist the Audubon societies in their efforts to save the herons (or ospreys) from extinction.



1. "HA! 'PON MY WORD, I DO BELIEVE IT'S A SPECIMEN OF THE RARE *Soxollis paxicus*."

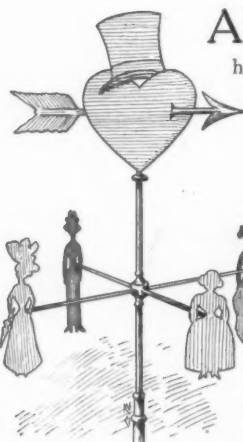


2. "HUM! NOW LET ME SEE WHAT THE TEXT-BOOK SAYS."



3.

A GUIDE TO COURTSHIP LAND



APPROACHES—

The time-tables and handbooks should not be consulted too closely, as they are likely to change without warning. Also beware of getting information from travelers who have been over the ground before. They are often misleading. Courtship Land may be approached through summer and winter resorts, in which case the traveler will do well to provide himself with a return ticket, but the Home Route is the one most reliable, and is recommended to those who intend to become permanent residents. The traveler should provide himself properly at the start with letters of credit and suitable protection from sudden storms, as it is always likely to blow hot and cold, the climate of Courtship Land being very unstable, the mean temperature sometimes varying nearly a hundred degrees in an hour.

It is useless for the traveler to secure an accident policy, as the insurance companies have decided that in this

country the risk is too great, and are issuing no more risks.

TO SOFATON.—After leaving Introduction Station, the way leads through the quiet valley of Acquaintanceship, the train moving slowly along among orderly, regularly laid-out gardens until the summit of Mount Friendship is seen in the distance. Winding carefully around this mountain, we pass more rapidly through Handclasp Center, where we view for a moment the beautiful Palpitation Waterfalls. There is a slight delay at Kissing Junction, and almost before one realizes it, Sofaton is reached.

Sofaton lies on the site of Ancient Moundville. It is a quiet, sheltered place, limited in capacity, it not being desirable to hold more than two at a time. Its springs are celebrated. Sometimes from Keyhole Center a good view of Sofaton can be obtained. The lighting facilities of Sofaton are poor, but this does not necessarily limit the enjoyment. The traveler is advised to linger here as long as possible.

ENGAGEMENTVILLE.—This is much more populous than Sofaton, and it is advisable to cash your letter of credit before entering, as it is expensive. One of the chief places of interest is The Ring—an amphitheater holding only a small portion of humanity, but of surpassing interest. The amusements are

riding, driving, spooning. This latter is a game handed down by the original inhabitants, and kept alive by tradition and constant practice. Great skill can be gained in a very short time. It is not advisable to linger in Engagementville too long. It is better to hurry on to

HONEYMOON CENTER.—Here the traveler should abide. It is the capital of Courtship Land, and stragglers who wander away from it oftentimes lose their way later in life, and stay out of Courtship Land itself. Those who make it their headquarters, no matter how old they grow, are the happiest in the end.

Their Favorite Flowers

DR. CHARLES PARKHURST,
"Jack-in-the-pulpit."

Theodore Roosevelt, "Forget-me-not."

Pope Gregory, "Bachelor's-buttons."

Pierpont Morgan, "Goldenrod."

James R. Keene, "Horse-balm."

John D. Rockefeller, "Beggarticks."

W. J. Bryan, "Windflower."

Vice-Pres. Fairbanks, "Frostweed."

Chauncey Depew, "Innocence."

Reed Smoot, "Knotweed."

W. E. Corey, "Loosestrife."

Mrs. Leslie Carter, "Poppy."

Dr. Janeway, "Pulse."

Mary Baker Eddy, "Mint."

T. W. Lawson, "Rattlebox."

Select Your Wife with Care



IN SELECTING a wife many men go on the principle that, it being a matter of small consequence, almost any young thing will do. This is a great mistake.

The careful man, even in details like this, will still be governed by proper circumspection.

There are various kinds of wives to be had for the asking.

The display wife is extensively used in this country. She is well made, stylish, ready in social emergencies and gives much pleasure in showing her around. Under cover she is disappointing, and is apt to run up bills, but for certain purposes is in large demand.

The domestic wife sews and mends nicely, makes mustard plasters and griddle-cakes, is a poor cloak model, saves money, raises children and is useful in illness.

The literary wife reads, writes and talks. She entertains people you hate, gives functions you despise, makes cozy corners and trouble.

The economical wife makes over her own clothes, starves you nearly to death, and saves enough money so that you can have a good time with her successor—if you're lucky enough to have one.

The extravagant wife gives you a good time at twice what it's worth.

In selecting a wife always, of course, pick out your opposite. If you have a large, generous, whole-souled nature, that loves company and is fond of travel, stag parties and gemijohns, marry a combination cook, housekeeper and trained nurse. Some one should watch the home.

If you are a mean, contemptible, petty, niggardly human shrimp, marry a lovely, sweet, angelic, patient, deserving, womanly woman. Her character will be developed by suffering, thus giving you the opportunity to do some good.

Do not marry any woman just because she has money. Become instead her confidential adviser. You will make just as much out of it in the end without having to live with her.

Tom Masson.

IT WOULD be easier to be content with little if nobody had any more.

A Horse on It

I NEVER had a sparking plug,
Or needed gasoline;
I knew enough to stop and wait
When danger near was seen.

They never had to "crank" me, or
Oil my transmission gear,
Or grovel in the mud to get
My carbureter clear.

Of course I am supplanted, but
When things at sixes go
It frequently occurs that I
Am useful for a tow.

S. I. Litchfield.

IT IS the inevitable that we are all struggling against.

Industrial Notes

AS A result of the drying up of those springs which have hitherto gushed abundant boodle wherewith to impart to voters who were right the grace still in the right to stay, while teaching the hearts of those who were in the wrong to know the better way, more crude necessity, according to the latest figures, is getting itself made up into a finished article of virtue than ever before in our political history.

Owing to the heavy shortage of the fancy brands of virtue during recent years, and the consequently strong home demand, it is thought that little of the present output will be immediately available for Panama and the Philippines, although this is largely conjectural.

Whether the manufacture of virtue out of necessity will be further promoted by tariff legislation depends, naturally, on the event of the pending elections.



FEMININE AMENITIES

"YES, DEAR, I WAS MARRIED LAST MONTH. I'D LIKE YOU TO CALL ON ME AND SEE THE PRETTY LITTLE FLAT I HAVE."
"I'VE SEEN HIM, MY DEAR!"

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STARVING IN THE MIDST OF

• LIFE •



ING IN T MIDST OF PLENTY



Further Developments



WHAT was Mr. Arthur Wing Pinero trying to do in "His House in Order"—point a moral or adorn a tale? It is certainly hard to decide whether the important thing in the piece is his ridicule of the ultrarespectability of the British middle classes or the story of the matrimonial difficulties of his heroine, who should by rights be the central figure of the play. In the present cast she is subordinated to the amiable brother-in-law who tries to straighten matters out, and it is perhaps this fact that leads to a confusion of what Mr. Pinero was trying to convey to his audience.

With the "star" idea firmly fixed in its mind, the natural impression on an American audience is that the part assigned to Mr. John Drew, in any piece in which he appears, is the most important one. In this play that undue importance distorts the perspective so that it obscures what is the real character study, *Nina*, who as a second wife has married into a bed of thorns, conscientiously constructed and maintained by the smugly self-satisfied family of her sainted predecessor in the matrimonial relation. *Nina*, in the American cast of Mr. Pinero's play, becomes part of the background which thrusts Mr. Drew into undue prominence as the fairy brother-in-law who rights her wrongs and also overemphasizes Mr. Pinero's satire of a class contained in his excellent drawing of the *Ridgely* family. With these three elements in their proper relation and *Filmer Jesson* in stronger hands it would be easy to understand Mr. Pinero's plan and the great success we are told the play has made in London. Even the conventional happy ending might have been more plausible, because with *Filmer* a more attractive person—not necessarily a stronger personality—we could understand better why *Nina* had not long before left him, a solution a real *Nina* would have found long before *Hilary* would have had any chance to work his charms as the beneficent brother-in-law.

The weak spot in Mr. Pinero's play, as it is acted here, is the argument eloquently advanced by *Hilary* which is the turning point in *Nina's* career and makes her endure the hectoring of the wretched *Ridgely* family until *Hilary* is able to put spine enough into *Filmer* to be a man and "set his house in order." It is an appeal to her better nature which, addressed to the present *Nina*, appears highly prosaic and not at all likely to create an effect on a shallow nature. A deeply emotional *Nina* might be moved by the appeal to return to the mood of her earlier training, but not the *Nina* here depicted.

The weakening of the interest and probability of Mr. Pinero's main plot emphasizes what perhaps was a side issue in his mind—the ridicule he always loves to shower on the pretentious respectability of a large part of the British public. It is a respectability so

sure of itself and so intolerant of any one, anything, or any idea not entirely within the grasp of its own stupidity that one admires Mr. Pinero for the ire it rouses in him and the expression he gives to his disgust.

If the American public does not like "His House in Order" it will be largely owing to the injustice that has been done to Margaret Illington by casting her as *Nina*. A task has been imposed upon her immature and inexperienced shoulders which would have been a strain on the powers of an artist well endowed by nature and qualified by experience. *Nina* was evidently of strong and impulsive nature, held under restraint. For these are substituted mere prettiness and placidity. It is not that Margaret Illington is bad in the part; she is simply deficient—a very negative quantity in a very positive place. In the case of Mr. Drew's *Hilary* the reverse is true; his technical ability makes him dominate and command where he should be at most only an equal



MME. KALICH IN "THE KREUTZER SONATA"

figure. His finish and ease make him stand out where he should be included very well within the drawing. The same is true of the excellent depictions of the four members of the self-important *Ridgely* family.

With it all, "His House in Order" is interesting, although less so than it would have been with the husband and the wife in the hands of more competent actors. It would have been more understandable and there would have been less need to ask whether Mr. Pinero was banking on his story or his satire.



MADAME KALICH

WORDS and space are both lacking fitly to describe the artistic triumph of Mme. Bertha Kaich in "The Kreutzer Sonata."

Another version of the play, not greatly different in the telling of the story, but much less effective in the important scenes, has already appeared in LIFE. The present version gives no reason to change the opinion that the new Yiddish author, Jacob Gordin, has written a truly great acting play. He

has not gone to other places and other days, but has taken life as he has found it here and to-day and wrought it into an absorbing drama, which in the progression of its accumulated horrors makes the piece a Greek tragedy of our own time. A mark of the clearness of his character drawing is the ease with which the different parts are well interpreted by artists in both casts not hitherto widely known to fame. The excellent work of the cast at the Lyric must be passed over not because it was entirely obscured by the work of the star but because everything seems trivial in the light of the tremendous accomplishment of Mme. Kalich.

As the heroine, her life starts with a tragedy—the worst that can darken the future of a woman. She faces a life of expiation with fortitude and determination to endure everything in the way of self-sacrifice. But the iniquities of which she is the victim, one piling on another, only to be followed by others yet worse, finally overcome her patience and simple philosophy to the point of what is in effect a dethronement of her reason, resulting in the double murder which is the legitimate and logical climax of the play.

Even laboring under the burden of expressing herself in a language not her own, Mme. Kalich made clear and positive every step in the progress, from the broken woman, resolved only to endure, to the desperate, wounded creature, brought to bay by circumstances too strong to be resisted even by the strongest nature. Betrayed by husband, sister and even by her mother; shamed, abused, humiliated and taunted, a nature frail and yielding becomes the frenzied agent of that elementary, outraged justice which is satisfied with no limit of punishment for the offender short of utter extinction.

A recollection of the greatest work of the greatest actresses for a quarter century and more shows no achievement exceeding that of Mme. Kalich in the last act of "The Kreutzer Sonata." It deserves closer analysis and greater eulogy than can be bestowed upon it here.

* * *

AWAY is suggested to raise the six million dollars needed to endow the National Theatre. It is to start a popular dollar subscription among those who don't love Messrs. Kaw and Erlanger and their methods.

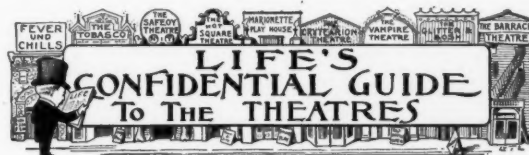


MANAGERIAL cussedness is still active. Emboldened by the dictatorial methods of the Theatrical Trust, the local manager in Peekskill, New York, not satisfied with the notices given to the performances at his theatre, has refused admittance to the editor of the *News* of that city and has withdrawn the theatre's advertising from its columns. Let the good work go on.

In Des Moines, Iowa, the *Capital* of that city is waging war against the local theatres for violating the city ordinances safeguarding the public against fire in theatres. The *Capital* demonstrates conclusively that the theatres are in a condition which seriously endangers the lives of those who attend them, and this in direct violation of explicit laws which the city officials wilfully neglect to enforce. The local managers have a strong pull with the politicians, and the Des Moines public, like other publics, is too foolish to look out for its own safety. At last reports, the theatrical managers were carrying on their business without regard to the safety of their patrons and in effect telling the Des Moines *Capital* to go to grass. Let the good work go on.

In Providence the local manager has come to his senses and severed his connection with the Theatrical Trust. His name is Col. Felix Wendelschaefer and he has taken the public into his confidence to the extent of telling them that he has tired of giving up all his profits to the Trust, in return for which the Trust booked in his theatre only cheap shows which the Providence public did not care to see. This leaves the Theatrical Trust without a theatre in Providence. Let the good work go on.

Metcalfe.



Academy of Music—"The Heir to the Hoorah," with Guy Bates Post as the star.

Astor—Annie Russell, as *Puck* in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Notice later.

Belasco—"The Girl of the Golden West." Interesting drama of American life, admirably acted by Blanche Bates, Mr. Frank Keenan and competent company.

Bijou—Last week but one of the long run of Mr. Warfield and his excellent support in the delightful comedy drama, "The Music Master."

Casino—"My Lady's Maid." Notice later.

Empire—Mr. Pinero's "His House in Order," with Mr. John Drew and uneven cast. See opposite.

Garrick—Mr. Crane and company in "The Price of Money." Fairly interesting light drama.

Hackett—"Man and His Angel," by Stanley Dark. Notice later.

Herald Square—"About Town." Musical sketch play, with Mr. Lew Fields and well-known cast. Well staged and provided with large and comely chorus.

Hippodrome—"A Society Circus" and "The Court of the Golden Fountains," with new features. A big dollar's worth of spectacle and amusement.

Lyric—Mme. Bertha Kalich in "The Kreutzer Sonata." See above.

Madison Square—"The Two Mr. Wetherbys." Very light comedy, with Mr. William F. Hawtrey as the star. Diverting.

Majestic—"The Tourists." Musical play, rather more funny than usual and very handsomely staged.

Manhattan—Grace George in "Clothes." Notice later.

Weber's—Hilda Spong in "Lady Jim." Unsuccessful attempt at light comedy.

THE LATEST BOOKS



ROBERT W. CHAMBERS has written a bully story in *The Fighting Chance*. It is exciting. It is steadily and absorbingly readable. It is full of tangible and likable people. Over and above all this, moreover, the book is an interesting if a somewhat bold—some might almost say cheeky—experiment. For a parallelism so striking and a contradiction so consistent can scarcely have been fortuitous and *The Fighting Chance*, almost character for character, is *The House of Mirth* transposed into the key of idealism. It is criticism demonstrated. Here, in a similar setting, handled by a born story teller and a congenital optimist, are present and triumphant both honest love and common honor. And the result shows how pleasing, but how ultimately unimpressive may be the affirmation of these attributes as compared to the pathos of their absence and the tragedy of their denial.

The last issue of LIFE's esteemed contemporary, the Reverend Cyrus Townsend Brady, is called *Richard the Brazen*, and is as buoyant a yarn of a noble cowboy, an effete Earl, an Eastern financier, a Texas capitalist, a girl and some others, as even Dr. Brady has ever produced. It reads as it is written, with the pleasant gurgle of a natural overflow from an inexhaustible source. Mr. Edward Peple has collaborated with Dr. Brady in its production, but we trust that the installation of a coadjutor is due to increasing business and not to decreasing energy.

Louise Shelton's handbook for amateurs, *The Seasons in a Flower Garden*, is a dainty attempt to introduce a little practical instruction into a garden book. These, as a rule, are intoxicating rather than nutritious. After reading one or two of them you inevitably buy a trowel and a package of mixed seeds and start an Italian garden. Without quite daring to leave out the stimulants, Mrs. Shelton has codified her informa-

tion, divided it into months, added some general advice and made a little book which should prove a handy addition to one's garden shelf.

To have roast beef on Monday, cold beef Tuesday and hash Wednesday is a common feat in careful housekeeping. But to have chicken croquettes one evening, produce the same fowl broiled the next and finish it up as a roast capon the third is something unusual. This, however, is just what Mr. Jesse Lynch Williams has done with a tale of his called *The Stolen Story*. He published it some time ago. He then dramatized the tale. He has now novelized the drama, and the result, *The Day Dreamer*, makes a rather catchy romance with a reporter for a hero and Newspaper Row as a background.

Edward Hutton's volume upon *The Cities of Spain* is the work of a student and a stylist. It has the supreme merit that it presents to us, not Spain penetrated by a traveler but a traveler penetrated by Spain, a record not of sights but of emotions. Yet it has the defects of its qualities to an exaggerated degree. It is often beautiful but never simple. It has passages of exaltation but none of repose. The author is frequently inspired by his subject but he is not infrequently intoxicated by the fermentation of his own language.

The holding power of "Neith Boyce's" novel, *The Eternal Spring*, lies more in the author's attitude than in her subject. It is a love story of some Americans resident in Italy, one of the stories an outline of which would be sufficiently commonplace. Yet Mrs. Hapgood has so completely realized both her characters and her scenes and unfolds them before us with such quiet faith both in their reality and in our concern with them that they acquire, progressively as we advance, the insistent interest of actuality.

George S. Roberts has just published an elaborate volume upon *Historic Towns of the Connecticut River Valley* from Old Saybrook, Conn., to Windsor, Vt. Mr. Roberts, one gathers, is more of an antiquarian than a writer and his book is in consequence to be regarded rather as a mass of local information and tradition than as reading matter. But there are so many Americans whose personal and family associations are indexed at the back of the volume that not a few are likely to be interested in its publication and covetous of its possession.

J. B. Kerfoot.

The Fighting Chance, by Robert W. Chambers. (D. Appleton and Company. \$1.50.)

Richard the Brazen, by Cyrus Townsend Brady and Edward Peple. (Moffat, Yard and Company. \$1.50.)

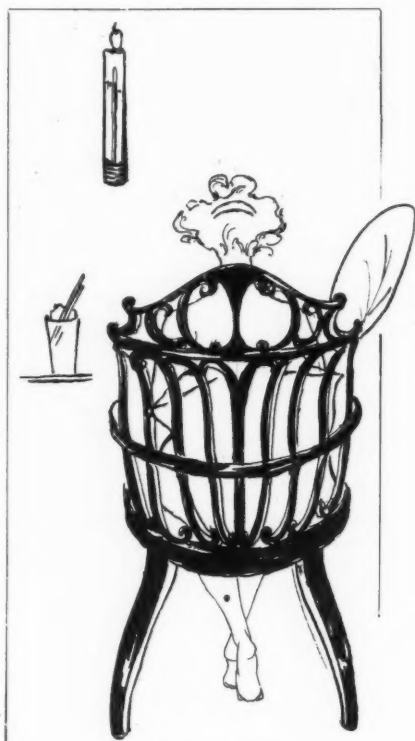
The Seasons in a Flower Garden, by Louise Shelton. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.00.)

The Day Dreamer, by Jesse Lynch Williams. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.)

The Cities of Spain, by Edward Hutton. (The Macmillan Company. \$2.00.)

The Eternal Spring, by Neith Boyce. (Fox, Duffield and Company. \$1.50.)

Historic Towns of the Connecticut River Valley, by George S. Roberts. (Robson and Adee, Schenectady, N. Y.)



90° IN THE SHADE



Otto Scorch (just after being struck): THE RAILROAD'S DISREGARD OF HUMAN LIFE IS SIMPLY ASTOUNDING. I'M SURE THE ENGINEER HEARD MY HORN AND KNEW THAT I WAS TRYING TO BREAK A RECORD.



THE GNU WOOLING

There was a lovely lady gnu
Who browsed beneath a spreading yew.
Its stately height was her delight;
A truly cooling shade it threw!
Upon it little tendrils grew
Which gave her gentle joy to chew.
Yet oft she sighed, agazing wide,
And wished she knew another gnu.
(Some newer gnu beneath the yew
To tell her tiny troubles to.)

She lived the idle moments through,
And days in dull succession flew,
Till one fine eve she ceased to grieve—
A manly stranger met her view.
He gave a courtly bow or two—
She coolly looked him through and through:
"I fear you make some slight mistake—
Perhaps it is the yew you knew!"
(Its branches blew and seemed to coo,
'Your cue, new gnu—it's up to you!')

Said he, "If guests you would eschew,
I'll say adieu without ado—
But let me add, I knew your dad—
I'm on page two, the Gnu's Who's Who."
"Forgive," she cried, "the snub I threw.
I feared you were some parvenu!
'Tis my regret we've never met—
I knew a gnu who knew of you."
(This wasn't true—what's that to you?—
The new gnu knew; she knew he knew.)

"Though there are other trees, 'tis true,"
Said she, "if you're attracted to
The yews I use, and choose to chew
Their yewey dewey tendrils, do!"

The end is easily in view;
He wed her in a week or two.
The "Daily Gnu" did quite enthuse;
And now if all I hear is true,
Beneath that yew the glad day through
There romps a little gnu new.

—Burgess Johnson, in *Harper's Magazine* for September.

SIMPLY JUSTICE

CREDITOR: So you've come around at last to pay me what you owe me, have you?

DEBTOR: Not at all—just the contrary. You made a statement at the club last night that I owed you 600 marks. As a matter of fact, the accounts show I only owe you 500. I've come around to collect that balance of forty.—*Translated for Tales from Fliegende Blätter.*

STUART'S RETORT TO HIS WIFE

Gilbert Stuart, though a celebrated artist, was likewise a great braggart. On one occasion a great public dinner was given to Isaac Hull by the town of Boston, and he was asked to sit for his picture to the artist.

When Hull visited the studio Stuart took great delight in entertaining him with anecdotes of his English success, stories of the marquis of this and the baroness of that, which showed how elegant was the society to which he had been accustomed. Unfortunately, in the midst of this grandeur, Mrs. Stuart, who did not know that there was a sitter, came in with apron on and her head tied up with some handkerchiefs, from the kitchen, and cried out: "Do you mean to have that leg of mutton boiled or roasted?" to which Stuart replied, with great presence of mind, "Ask your mistress."—*Scrap-Book.*



"MAMMA, I NEED A CATECHISM."
"NO, TOMMIE, YOU ARE TOO YOUNG. WHAT YOU NEED IS A KITTY-CHISM."

ALL DEPENDS

"It is said that the Emperor Constantine had a thousand cooks. Most remarkable, eh?"

"That depends. At once, or during his lifetime?"—*Pittsburg Post.*

A DANGEROUS VARIETY

"She may be a gossip," said the woman with thin lips, "but I believe she tells the truth."

"My dear," answered Miss Cayenne, "the truth is frequently the worst form of gossip imaginable."—*Washington Star.*

LADY: Why in the world are you bringing the milk at 4 o'clock in the afternoon? Can't you get here earlier?

MILKMAN: Earlier? Why, madam, this is to-morrow morning's milk!—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE FAULTFINDERS

Three men took joy in finding fault,
And thus it came to pass
The gods upon each one of them
Bestowed a piece of glass.

The fool contrived of his a lens
Wherein to gloating eyes
The smallest blot that could be found
Was magnified in size.

The just man made of his a pane
All clear without a flaw,
Nor summer sun nor winter rain
Affected what he saw.

The wise man pondered long and well
How best the search to aid,
Then taking up the crystal gift
Of his a mirror made.—*New York Sun.*

TWO DRAWBACKS

Of all the auctioneers who have swayed the hammer, from the days of Augustus Caesar to the present time, the most famous was George Robins, of London. To a fine person, we are told, he added mind, education and a rare knowledge of men. He made the sale of a library a continuous literary lecture. Possessing rare elocutionary gifts; reading with exquisite taste passages from the books he was selling, with brief biographies and criticisms of their authors; reciting hexameters from Greek and Roman classics, and reading passages from humorous writers with a tone and air so ludicrous as to set the room in a roar of laughter, he often won higher prices for books than those obtained at the shops. An amusing example of his adroitness in extolling an estate is the language with which he once closed a highly colored description of one he was selling. For a few moments he paused, and then said:

"And now, gentlemen, having given a truthful description of this magnificent estate, candor compels me to allow that it has two drawbacks: the litter of the rose leaves and the noise of the nightingales."—*Saturday Evening Post.*

A ROMANCE SPOILED

The beautiful girl waded into the yeasty surf.
Presently she uttered a shriek of terror.

"Save me!" she cried.

There were seven men on the hotel piazza. They conferred hastily.

Then the one with the clearest voice called to the struggling maiden.

"Awfully sorry," he shouted, "but there isn't an unmarried man among us."

Then the lovely girl ceased her struggles and presently waded ashore.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

BUYING OR SELLING?

It is told of the son of a horse dealer, a sharp lad, when once unexpectedly called upon by his father to mount a horse and exhibit its paces, the little fellow whispered the question, in order to regulate how he should ride:

"Are you buying or selling?"—*Tilt-Bits.*

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The first Derby made in America was a

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Makaroff Russian Cigarets



Made by Connoisseurs—for Connoisseurs—sold on merit alone—these cigarettes are now the choice of those who discriminate.

My enthusiasm over these cigarettes is due entirely to my knowledge of them and of cigarettes in general. I admit I am a crank on the subject. I have been a crank on smoke for twenty years. When I talk about smoke I am talking from the smoker's standpoint—your standpoint and mine, as smoke cranks—and not as a manufacturer. I am a smoker first and a manufacturer afterward. I started the manufacture of these goods strictly because that was the only way to be sure that my friends and myself were going to be supplied with them regularly. If you know anything about the uncertainties of importing from Russia, you know I speak facts.

I am now extending the sale of Makaroff Russian Cigarets to my other friends—the ones I haven't seen, but who are my friends just the same, because they like the good things of life as I do.

Nearly every box of Makaroff Russian Cigarets discovers one of these friends for me. I seldom fail to get a hearty handshake by return mail. The friends I get I keep. That's why I can afford to take all the risk of pleasing you, and I do it.

Makaroff Russian Cigarets are offered to connoisseurs (another name for cranks) on the basis of smoking quality alone. They have got to please you, as a particular smoker, better than anything you have ever smoked before, or I don't want a cent. They are made of pure, clean, sweet tobacco, the finest and highest priced Russian and Turkish growths blended scientifically by our own Russian blenders. The Russians are the only real artists at cigaret blending—don't forget that.

These cigarettes are blended, made and aged as old wines are by men with traditions of quality to live up to—men who have spent their lives at it and who have generations of experience back of them.

Every cigaret is made by hand. Every one is inspected before packing. I pass personally on the smoking quality of every lot of tobacco blended. We use the thinnest paper ever put on a cigaret.

Note this particularly—it's a big point. These cigarettes will leave in your office or apartments no trace of the odor usually associated with cigarettes. I defy anybody who approves the odor of any good smoke to object to the odor of these cigarettes. (You know what the usual cigaret odor is like.)

Another thing—you can smoke these cigarettes day in and day out without any of that nervousness or ill feeling which most smokers are familiar with as a result of ordinary cigaret smoking. This is straight talk and I mean it. These cigarettes won't hurt you and you owe it to yourself to find it out for yourself.



The cigarettes are packed in cedar boxes, one hundred to the box—done up like the finest cigars.

WHY?

Why not give yourself the best of it?

Why take any chances on poor stuff, when the same money will buy the best?

Why hesitate, when I take all the chances of your being satisfied?

Why not send in the coupon now, and settle the smoke question once for all?

Your Own Monogram

in gold will be put on your cigarettes just as soon as you have tried them out and want them regularly.

I will gladly send you full information about these cigarettes, but talk is deaf and dumb compared with actually smoking them. Smoke is the final test.

My Offer

Send me your order for a trial hundred of the size and value you prefer. Try the cigarettes—smoke the full hundred if you wish. If you don't like them say so and your money will be instantly returned. You need not trouble to return any of the cigarettes. I will take my chances on your giving any you don't want to some one who will like them and who will order more.

I knew that American connoisseurs would be quick to follow Europeans in recognizing the absolute superiority in smoking quality of Russian Cigarets. My sales prove it.

If you wish to enjoy cigarettes at their best, without injury to your health, to your own sense of refinement or that of your friends, tear out the coupon now, and get acquainted with real cigaret quality.

Special to Dealers

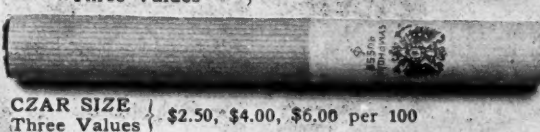
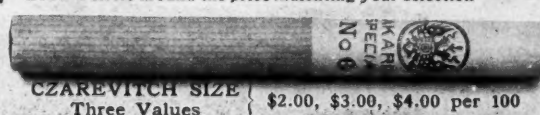
I am spending a large appropriation each month in magazine advertising to introduce these cigarettes. I want one first-class dealer in every town of importance as distributor, and to such I can turn over a good business, established and growing. Write me.

THE MAKAROFF COMPANY OF AMERICA

(G. NELSON DOUGLAS)

95 MILK STREET, BOSTON, MASS. SUITE 84

Draw a circle around the price indicating your selection



Above blends also made in ladies size. Prices on application

Find enclosed remittance for \$

in favor of G. Nelson Douglas for which please send me, prepaid, hundred cigarettes of size and value indicated

hereon:

Name

P. O.



PROGRESS

"How are the Jiggins getting on socially?"
"They are making progress," answered Miss Cayenne. "The girls have quit worrying about what they are going to wear when they get an invitation, and are beginning to ask supercilious questions about who is going to be there."—*Washington Star*.

IN THE SWISS MOUNTAINS

"Ethel, that awfully handsome guide kissed me a moment ago. Do you think I ought to deduct something from his pay, or add to it?"—*Translated for Tales from Fieschende Blätter*.

"OLD SALEM PUNCH. Delicious—Try it. S. S. Pierce Co., Boston, Mass."

DEMORALIZING

The old man on the post-office steps was chewing his straw and frowning in high dudgeon.

"You seem in a bad humor, uncle?" ventured the starch drummer.

"Yaas, and, by heck, I ought to be," growled the old man.

"This here town is going to the bow-wows."

"What is the cause of that?"

"Why, Bill Binks, our Congressman. We sent him to Congress to make the town better and it was better while he was away. But as soon as he came home with all the things he learned in Washington the sewing socials turned to bridge whist parties, the checker clubs turned to poker clubs and, he gosh, the spruce beer drinkers turned to cocktail drinkers. He's put the town to the bad, and the next time he goes away we are going to pay him extra to spend his loafing months away from Bacon Ridge."—*Chicago News*.

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South.—*Booklet*.

'T WAS EVER THUS

"I suppose you have found," said the plain citizen, "that every man has his price."

"Yes," replied the lobbyist, "except the man who is worth buying."—*Philadelphia Press*.

EMPLOYER: The increase in the cost of meat makes a lot of difference in my living expenses! Don't you find it so?

CLERK: No, sir; my salary is so small that I've bought no meat for several years!

"You're fortunate! You won't mind it, then, if on account of the high price of meat I reduce your salary a little."—*Simplexissimus*.

"I'm off to have a shampoo," said the young man with the receding chin.

"Why not try the vacuum cleaner?" was his friend's sympathetic reply.—*Tatler*.

HEALTH AND REST, NEW WAVERLY HOTEL AND BATH HOUSE, HOT SPRINGS, ARKANSAS. ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET.

END OF THE HONEYMOON

"Finished your honeymoon yet?"

"I don't know. I have never been able to determine the exact meaning of the word honeymoon."

"Well, then, has your wife commenced to do the cooking yet?"—*Houston Post*.

STYLES IN DOGS

MRS. ULTRA-DE SWELL: Coach dogs are out of style. I want an automobile dog.

DEALER: Well, madam, here is just the one you want.

"Now, you are sure he is an automobile dog?"

"I should say so. Why, he will follow the scent of gasoline for miles."—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

Hotel Vendome, Boston

The ideal hotel of America for permanent and transient guests.

ARTISTIC SENSITIVENESS

"Why are you so resentful toward that writer?"

"Because," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes, "he once said there were moments when my work did not realize the highest possible standard of excellence."

"Well?"

"My dear sir, I welcome criticism, but I cannot endure such ignorant abuse."—*Washington Star*.



Gibson's
**RECORD
RYE WHISKEY**

Try *Gibson's*



HUNTER

BALTIMORE

RYE

THE WHISKEY OF
REFINED TASTE

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

Demand for Clean Food

One American Product Everybody Knows
Is Pure and Clean

Clean food to eat and drink is as desirable as pure food. Unclean food can never be healthful—neither enjoyable. Nothing can so quickly steal away one's appetite or destroy the enjoyment of a pleasure—be it eating or drinking—as the mere thought, perhaps it is not clean. In these days of much agitation as to clean and unclean food we are often at a loss what to eat and drink. There is a sense of distrust of what is set before us. "Is it clean?" That is the question we ask ourselves and the very asking turns us away.

It is the method of "handling" in the manufacture of a food product that makes it clean or not clean. Pabst beer is not "handled." It is manufactured from the purest materials by the most scrupulously clean machinery by the exclusive Pabst method of brewing, which is most exacting in its cleanliness.

Pabst beer is a clean, wholesome food and the Pabst brewery is a model of cleanliness. No other food factory in the world can show such a record of cleanness in the process of manufacture as the mammoth Pabst brewery, where the famous Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer is made and bottled. From brew to bottle or keg Pabst beer is never touched by human hands; it never enters tube, pipe or storage tank that has not been perfectly sterilized beforehand, and, in fact, in its entire process of manufacture it never comes in contact with anything but sterilized utensils and pure filtered air.

When you pour out a glass of Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer you know you have a food that is clean and pure and wholesome. You will not distrust it. You will not ask "Is it clean?"

Dr. Sheffield's

Anti-Septic

Crème Dentifrice

THE ORIGINAL TOOTH PASTE

Used by the Elite of
the World Since 1850

Dr. Sheffield's
Tooth Powder put
up conveniently
for Tourists.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.



The "Inside" Price

MARK TWAIN some time ago told this story at a dinner given to Tax Commissioner Charles Putzel at the Freundschaft Society Club House in New York:

"I saw Mr. Putzel twenty-five years ago in Putnam's book store. I went in there and asked for George H. Putnam, and handed in my card. A young man took it in, but came back and said that Mr. Putnam was busy and could not see me. I had merely gone there on a social call, and started to leave. As I was going out my eye was attracted to a big, fat, interesting-looking book. It was entitled, 'The Invasion of England in the Fourteenth Century by the Friars.' I asked the price of it.

"Four dollars," was the answer.

"What discount do you allow publishers?"

"Forty per cent. off."

"Well," I said, "I am a publisher."

"He put down the figures '40 per cent.' on the card.

"I said, 'What discount do you allow authors?'"

"He said, '40 per cent.'"

"Well," I said, "I am an author. You can put that down. What discount do you allow the clergy?"

"He said, '20 per cent.'"

"Well," I said, "I am one on the road." So I took 20 per cent. for that.

"He put down the figures and never smiled once. Here I was working off all these scintillating brilliancies on him, and not even a spark of recognition. I was almost in despair. I thought I would try him once more, so I said:

"You know I am also a member of the Human Race. Would you allow me 10 per cent. off for that?"

"He set that down—never smiled—so I said:

"There is my card with my address on it. I have no money with me. Send the bill to my home at Hartford."

"I picked up the book and was going away when he said: 'Wait a minute; there is forty cents coming to you.'"—*Publisher's Weekly.*

Butting and Abutting

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN tells the following story on himself, according to the *Philadelphia Ledger*.

"Once, out in Nebraska, I went to protest against my real estate assessment, and one of the things of which I particularly complained was assessing a goat at \$25. I claimed a goat was no 'real' property in the legal sense of the word, and should not be assessed. One of the assessors, a very pleasant-faced old man, obligingly said I

could go upstairs with him and together we would look over the rules and regulations and see what could be done.

"We looked over the rules, and finally the old man asked:

"Does your goat run loose on the roads?"

"Well, sometimes," said I, wondering what the penalty was for that dreadful offense.

"Does he butt?" again queried the old man.

"Yes," I answered, "he butts."

"Well," said the old man, looking at me, "this rule says—tax all that certain property running and abutting on the highway. I don't see how I can do anything for you. Good-day, sir."

Found She Was in Wrong

AN ABSENT-MINDED woman one Sunday morning walked into church, took a front seat and joined in the service vigorously, according to the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*. Then the collection basket was passed to her, and, putting a coin into it, she looked about. She cast glances in every direction, her mind cleared, and an expression of amazement overspread her face. She got up. She hurried down the aisle. She overtook the man with the collection basket. "I'm in the wrong church," she whispered, and, taking out the coin she had put in, she hurried forth.

The Collver Tours

ROUND THE WORLD

are away-from-the-usual. Route includes Siam, Java, Burma, Egypt, North and South India, Ceylon, Manila, China (including Yangtze River, Hankow, Peking and The Great Wall), Manchuria, Korea, Japan and Honolulu. Departures Eastward November 15, December 1, and January 5. Send for details and enthusiastic letters from members of our past season's tours.

THE COLLVER TOURS COMPANY

has the only Tourist Offices in JAPAN

Write for details of our original idea in travel for that fascinating land

Personal Escort for Independent Travellers

JAPAN—70 Days—\$600.

South American Tour February 5th

368 Boylston Street, Boston

"When the leaves
begin to turn" is
a good time to
turn a bottle of
EVANS' ALE
upside down

N. B.—No Sediment



Patronize American Industries. Wear a

KNOX



HAT

the creation par excellence of the nation.

Agencies in all the principal cities in the world.

Office of The Smart Set

(ESS ESS PUBLISHING CO.)

452 FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK

To Advertisers:

I beg to announce that the ESS ESS PUBLISHING COMPANY, the publishers of "THE SMART SET," has purchased "Transatlantic TALES."

This magazine met with success from the beginning, and was received with much favor. The growth has been rapid, and we can now guarantee a circulation of more than 32,000 copies each month.

I take pleasure also in informing you that, commencing with the issue of October, the rate for advertising space in "Transatlantic TALES" will be reduced from the present rate of \$100 per page to \$50 per page.

This rate will be pro rata down to 1/8 page.

The rate for space of less than 1/8 page will be 30c. per agate line.

This rate will be FLAT. No discounts for time or space.

The advertising rate in "THE SMART SET" (more than 140,000 guaranteed circulation) is \$150 per page.

I beg also to announce a combination rate on "THE SMART SET" and "Transatlantic TALES" of \$175 per page, less 5 per cent. for cash. To obtain this combination rate, uniform space in both "THE SMART SET" and "Transatlantic TALES" must be used in issues of like date. If only one magazine is used, full separate card rate will be charged.

No magazine publisher has ever offered the advertiser such QUALITY and QUANTITY of circulation as that of "THE SMART SET" and "Transatlantic TALES" at so low a rate, whether used singly or in combination.

Respectfully yours,

ESS ESS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Kurt Wilson
ADV. MANAGER.

Other Books Received

- Walter Pterse, by Multatuli. (Friderici and Gareis. \$1.50.)
Samantha vs. Josiah, by Marietta Holley. (Funk and Wagnalls Company. \$1.50.)
Mary Magdalen, by Edgar Saltus. New Edition. (Mitchell Kennerley.)
George Washington, by James A. Harrison. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)
A Modern Alchemist and Other Poems, by Lee Wilson Dodd. (Richard G. Badger, Boston. \$1.50.)
The Training of Boys' Voices, by Claude E. Johnson. (Oliver Ditson Company, Boston. \$0.75.)
The Stubbornness of Geraldine, by Clyde Fitch. (The Macmillan Company. \$0.75.)
The Czar's Gift, by William Ordway Partridge. (Funk and Wagnalls Company. \$0.40.)
The Game of Bridge, by Fisher Ames. (Little, Brown and Company, Boston. \$1.00.)
Recollections of a Gold Cure Graduate, by Newton Newkirk. (H. M. Caldwell Company, Boston.)
Cord and Creese, by James DeMille. New Edition. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.00.)
The Little Grammar, by William Timothy Call. (New York. \$0.50.)
The City That Was, by Will Irwin. (B. W. Huebsch. \$0.50.)
The Story of Paris, by Thomas Okey. (The Macmillan Company. \$2.00.)
The Little Green Door, by Mary E. Stone Bassett. (Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston.)
Verses from the Harvard Advocate, third series.
The Health-care of a Baby, by Louis Fischer, M.D. (Funk and Wagnalls Company. \$0.75.)
Panama Patchwork Poems, by James Stanley Gilbert. (Robert Grier Cooke.)
Elizabeth and Her German Garden. Illustrated edition. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.75.)
Reptiles, by H. W. McVickar. (D. Appleton and Company \$1.50.)
The Coming of Billy, by Margaret Westrup. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.25.)
The Colonel of the Red Hussars, by John Reed Scott. (The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.)
The Princess Olga, by Erwin Wardman. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.)
The Great Refusal, by Maxwell Gray. (D. Appleton and Company. \$1.50.)
Pizarro and the Conquest of Peru, by Frederick A. Ober. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.00.)
Persons and Places, by Joel Benton. (Broadway Publishing Company.)
Political X-Rays, by Leslie Chase. (The Grafton Press. \$1.50.)
The Art of Living, by Daniel S. Sager. (Brantford, Canada. \$1.50.)
The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard, by Anatole France, translated by Lafcadio Hearn. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.25.)
The Statesman's Year Book, 1906. (The Macmillan Company. \$3.00.)
Eve's Diary, by Mark Twain. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.00.)
What a Young Girl Ought to Know, by Mrs. Mary Wood Allen, M.D. (Vir Publishing Company. \$1.00.)
Poems, by Meredith Nicholson. (The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.)
The Healers, by Maarten Maartens. (D. Appleton and Company. \$1.50.)
The Flight of Georgiana, by Robert Neilson Stephens. (L. C. Page and Company, Boston.)
Twisted Eglantine, by H. B. Marriot Watson. (D. Appleton and Company. \$1.50.)
The Hundred Days, by Max Pemberton. (D. Appleton and Company. \$1.50.)

ORIENT CLARK'S NINTH ANNUAL CRUISE
Feb. 7, '07. 70 days, by chartered S. S. "Arabia," 16,000 tons. Three Tours Round the World.

FRANK C. CLARK, 96 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

VIEWS OF PARIS!!!

For \$1 we will send you post free a beautiful collection of 25 views on photographic paper of monuments and curiosities of Paris. We give careful attention to all requirements of our customers. Sample views 50 cents, size 6x12 inches.
R. MESSIK, 97 Boulevard St. Martin, Paris, France.



for Liquor and Drug Using

A scientific remedy which has been skillfully and successfully administered by medical specialists for the past twenty-seven years.

At the following Keeley Institutes:

Birmingham, Ala.
Hot Springs, Ark.
San Francisco, Cal.
West Haven, Conn.
Washington, D. C.
212 N. Capitol St.

Dwight, Ill.
Marion, Ind.
Lexington, Mass.
Portland, Me.
Grand Rapids, Mich.

St. Louis, Mo.
2803 Locust St.
Omaha, Neb.
Cor. Cass and 25th Sts.
North Conway, N. H.
Buffalo, N. Y.

White Plains, N. Y.
Columbus, O.
2087 N. Dennison Ave.
Philadelphia, Pa.
812 N. Broad St.
Harrisburg, Pa.

Pittsburg, Pa.
4246 Fifth Avenue.
Providence, R. I.
Toronto, Ont.,
Canada.
London, England.

· LIFE ·



A STROKE of GOOD LUCK

Underberg BOONEKAMP Bitters

The greatest "stroke of luck" is to realize the vital value of **UNDERBERG BITTERS**. It brings the best of good fortune—good health, a relish for eating, perfect digestion, and therefore the joy of sport and out-door exercise. Braces, and gives immediate relief from weariness. Popular since 1846, and "Always the Same." The Best Bitter Liqueur.

Enjoyable as a cocktail and better for you.

Over 6,000,000 bottles imported to the United States.

At grocers, wine merchants, hotels, clubs, cafes, restaurants, etc.

Bottled only by H. Underberg Albrecht, Rheinberg, Germany.

LUYTIES BROTHERS, Gen'l Agts
Model Wine Cellars, 204 William Street, New York.

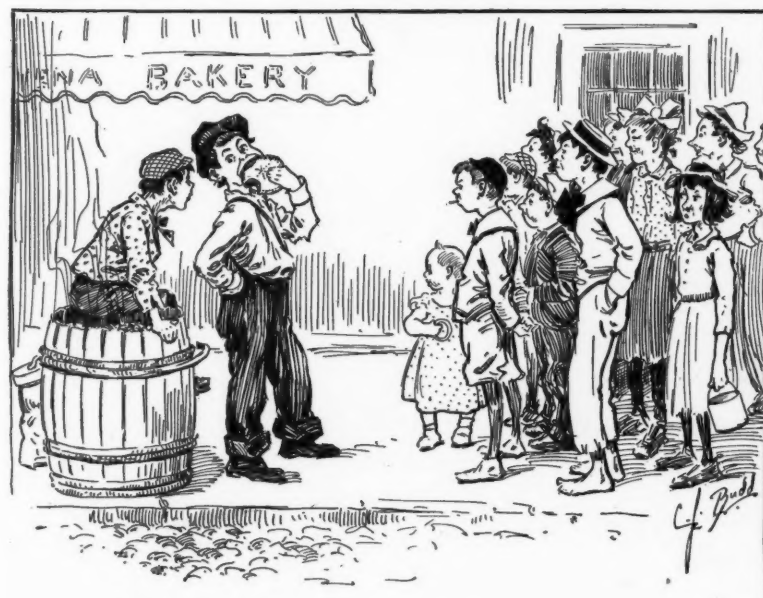


For chops, steaks, cutlets, etc., add to the gravy one or two tablespoonsful of

Lea & Perrins' Sauce

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE before pouring it over the meat.

John Duncan's Sons, Agts., N. Y.



1st Boy: IS THAT PIE GOOD?

2d Boy: NAW!

"DEN WHY YER EATING IT?"

"TER AGGRAVATE DE OTHER KIDS! DEY IMAGINE DAT IT'S DELICIOUS!"

BAD SCOTCH

Makes the devil weep for joy, and it makes you feel like the devil the next morning—only you don't weep for joy.

Good Scotch—that is, whisky that is palatable and delicate, and *guaranteed pure* as well—is a health-giving stimulant which none save infants need fear.

Sanderson's Mountain Dew Scotch is a guaranteed aged whisky which tends to steady the glad hand and broaden the smile of friendship and which helps to make one a temperate disciple of the

MELLOW LIFE

OLD CROW RYE A STRAIGHT **WHISKEY**

H. B. KIRK & CO.
SOLE BOTTLEERS, NEW YORK

LIFE'S PRINTS

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY LIFE PUB. CO.



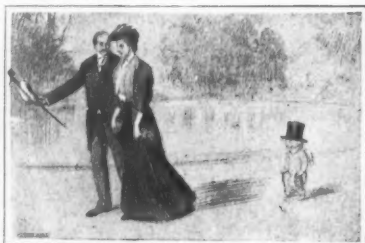
A DESPERATE CASE
After W. B. Ker
A Gravure in Green, 20 by 15 in.
\$1.00

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY LIFE PUB. CO.



AN OVERWORKED MOON
After W. B. Ker
Photogravure in Blue, 20 by 15 in.
\$1.00

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY LIFE PUB. CO.



THE LONG ENGAGEMENT
After Bayard Jones
A Photogravure, 20 by 15 in.
\$1.00

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY LIFE PUB. CO.



HALF PAST SUPPER TIME
After Herbert Johnson
Photogravure in Brown, 20 by 15 in.
\$1.00

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY LIFE PUB. CO.



HER ANSWER
After Bayard Jones
A Photogravure, 15 by 20 in.
\$1.00

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY LIFE PUB. CO.



"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"
After W. Baljour Ker
Photogravure in Brown, 15 by 20 in.
50 cents

A complete catalogue with reduced prints of 137 subjects will be sent to any address on application.

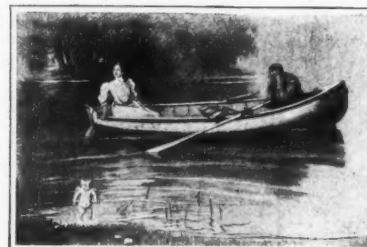
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
17 West 31st Street, New York City

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY LIFE PUB. CO.



KIDNAPPED
After Bayard Jones
Photogravure in Green, 20 by 15 in.
\$1.00

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY LIFE PUB. CO.



THROWN OVER
After Bayard Jones
A Photogravure, 20 by 15 in.
\$1.00

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY LIFE PUB. CO.



"GEE WHIZ! I WISH HE'D GO HOME"
After Nesbitt Benson
A Photogravure, 20 by 15 in.
50 cents

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY LIFE PUB. CO.



ONE TOUCH OF NATURE
After C. Clyde Squire
Photogravure in Green, 20 by 15 in.
\$1.00



The Laundry Has No Terrors For

ARROW COLLARS

Clupeco shrunk means long life, perfect finish and non-shrinkability. The only true

QUARTER SIZES

Over 100 styles; 15c each; 2 for 25c. Send for booklet and dealer's name.

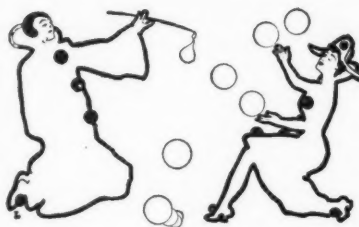
CLUETT, PEABODY & CO.

Largest Makers of Collars and Shirts in the World.

457 River St., Troy, N. Y.



Reuter's Soap



will insure your complexion against pimples, and black heads. Its creamy, soothing, antiseptic lather clears the skin and makes it smooth, and velvety. It will soften, and whiten your hands. Let Reuter's soap start improving your complexion to-day. Delightfully scented. At your druggists.

Send a two cent stamp for a trial cake
BARCLAY & COMPANY
44 Stone St., New York

JENNER & COMPANY

Undivided Estates Exclusively

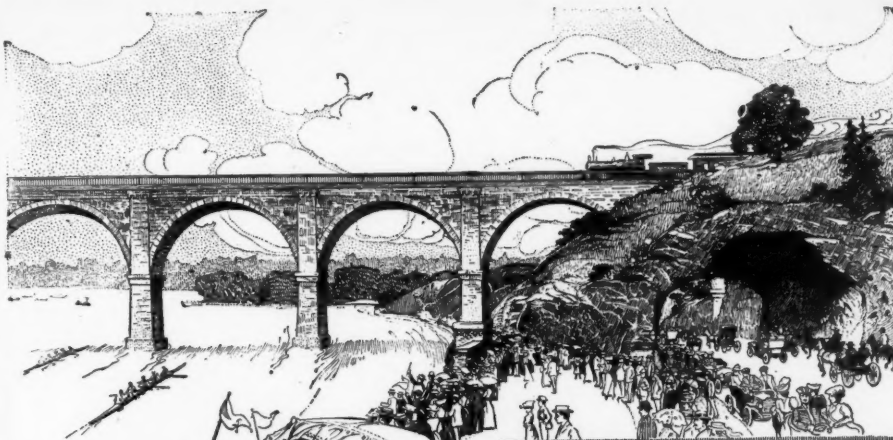
55 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Telephone 4050-4051 Reuter - - - Cable Address "Jennloan"

UNDIVIDED ESTATES

WE deal in all kinds of undivided estate interests, including vested or contingent remainder interests, subject to life estate or payable at some future fixed period. We purchase or arrange advances upon the security of such interests upon moderate terms and at legal interest.

Our facilities for handling such proposals are adequate for any requirement.



Wherever enjoyment is at its height—wherever bright sunshine and good sport attract the devotees of pleasure—time and occasion invariably call for

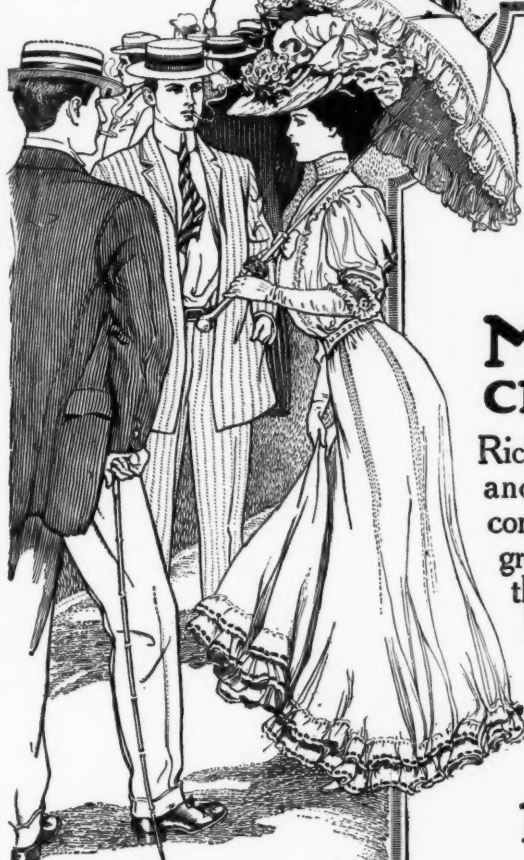
MURAD CIGARETTES

Rich in the exquisite flavor and delicate aroma that come only from the finest growths of Turkish tobacco, the originality of the blend has won for the Murad the greatest favor among discriminating smokers.

10 for 15c

S. ANARGYROS, Manufacturer

111 Fifth Avenue, New York



River Drive
Fairmount Park,
Philadelphia.

MENNE'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

A Positive Relief For
PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING, and SUNBURN,
and all ailments of the skin.

Removes all odor of perspiration. Delightful after Shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original). Sample Free.

GERHARD MENNEN COMPANY, Newark, N.J.

KREMENTZ

ONE PIECE QUALITY COLLAR BUTTON

STAMPED ON BACK

KREMENTZ

On the Back of the Button insures Permanent Satisfaction. It cannot break from service. The shape of the head makes it

1. Easy to button.
2. When buttoned it stays buttoned.
3. Easy to unbutton.

Sold by Jewelers and Haberdashers. Write for booklet: The Story of a Collar Button.

KREMENTZ & CO., 60 Chestnut St., Newark, N.J.



It makes no difference what kind of cheese you like best

Brownsville Water Crackers

The Cracker that has "Brownsville" on it

is the best cracker to eat with any kind of cheese.

Brownsville Water Crackers are small, round, hard crackers with a delicious flavor in them which we have been putting there for fifty-five years.

Sold by

S. S. Pierce Co., Boston
Park & Tilford, New York
The Joseph R. Peebles' Sons Co., Cincinnati
George K. Stevenson Co., Pittsburg
Finley Acker Co., Philadelphia
C. Jevne & Co., Chicago
Goldberg, Bowen & Co., San Francisco

If you cannot buy these crackers of any grocer that you can reach easily, we will send ten pounds for \$1.50, or two pounds for 50c., express paid.

CHATLAND & LENHART

Brownsville, Pa.

*By Special Warrant
purveyors to the*

Pennsylvania R.R. Dining Car Service
The Waldorf-Astoria
The Cafe Martin
The Cafe des Beaux-Arts
The Bellevue-Stratford, Philadelphia
The Hotel Havlin, Cincinnati

